

THE  
Caledonian Miscellany.

CONSISTING OF  
SELECT *and much* APPROV'D

PASTORALS,

CHOICE

FABLES *and* TALES,

WITH OTHER

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY; and other eminent  
Northern Bards.

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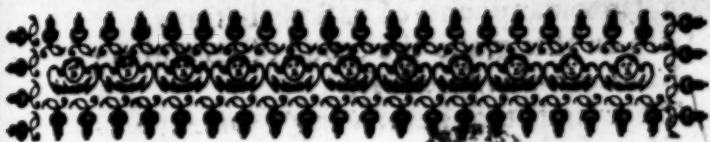
## ADVERTISEMENT.

**A**T the Request of some Friends, who are great Admirers of Poetry, especially such as is written with Ease and Elegance in the North-British Dialect, the Editor undertook the Miscellany here offer'd to the Public. Tho' several of the Pieces have appear'd in the Works of one of the most eminent Northern Bards, yet as those following cannot be deemed the least deserving ; and as some other much approv'd (tho' scarce and valuable) Poems, are herein intermix'd therewith, the *Caledonian Miscellany*, he flatters himself, will not be found unworthy the Notice of the Public.—The Language is kept as pure as may be ; and any Information, or Instruction, tending to improve, or enlarge this Miscellany, will be received with Gratitude, by

THE EDITOR.







T H E



# Caledonian Miscellany.

## T H E C R I T I C.

**S**TAND, Critic, and before ye read,  
 Say, are ye free of party-fead;  
 Or of a faul fac scrim and rude,  
 To envy every thing that's good?  
 And if I should (perhaps by chance)  
 Something that's new and smart advance,  
 Resolve ye **not** with scornfull snuff,  
 To say 'tis a' confounded stuff;  
 If that's the case, sir, spare your spite,  
 For, faith, 'tis not for you I write  
 Gae gie your censures higher scope,  
 And *Congreve* criticise, or *Pope*;  
*Young's* satires, or *Swift's* merry smile,  
 These, these are writers worth your while.  
 On me your talents wad be lost,  
 And tho' you gain a simple boast;  
 I want a reader wha' deals fair,  
 And not ae real fault will spare;  
 Yet with good humour will allow  
 Me praise, whene'er 'tis justly due:  
 Blest be sic readers—but the rest  
 That are with spleen and spite oppress,  
 May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine  
 To death, which lays the maist divine,  
 For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

A

}  
 How

How many, and of various natures,  
 Are on this globe the croud of creatures;  
 In *Mexiconian* forests fly  
 Thousands that never wing'd our sky:  
 'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,  
 That in the music bears nae skair,  
 Only an imitating ranter,  
 For whilk he bears the name of taunter;  
 Soon as the sun springs frae the east,  
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,  
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray  
 The tunefu' throats salute the day:  
 The bräinless beau attacks them a',  
 No ane escapes him great or sma';  
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,  
 Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,  
 Turns loves soft plaint to a dull bustle;  
 A sprightly airs to a vile whistle;  
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,  
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.  
 Anes, when with echo loud the taunter,  
 Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,  
 Ane of them says we own 'tis true,  
 Few praises to our sangs are due;  
 But pray, sir, let's have ane frae you.

## O N W I T.

**M**Y easy friends, since ye think fit,  
 This night to lubricate on wit;  
 And since ye judge that I compose  
 My thoughts better in rhyme than prose,  
 I'll give my judgment in a sang,  
 And here it comes, be't right or wrang.  
 But first of a'---I'll tell a tale  
 That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in *Fife*,  
 Wha cou'd na for his very life

speak without stammering very lang,  
 yet never manted when he sang.  
 His father's kiln he anes saw burning,  
 which gart the lad run breathless mourning;  
 homeward with clever strides he lap,  
 to tell his daddy his mishap.  
 At distance e'er he reached the door,  
 he stood and rais'd a hideous roar.  
 His father when he heard his voice,  
 leapt out and said, why a' this noise?  
 He calland gap'd and glowr'd about,  
 at no ae word he could lug out.  
 His dad cry'd, kenning his defect,  
 "sing, sing, or I shall break your neck."  
 Then soon he gratified his fire,  
 and sang aloud, *your kiln's a-fire.*

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,  
 to tell a tale sae very pat.  
 Right wit appears in mony a shape,  
 which some invent and others ape.  
 Some shaw their Wit in wearing claihs,  
 and some in coining of new aiths;  
 There's crambo wit in making rhyme,  
 and dancing wit in beating time:  
 There's mettl'd wit in story-telling,  
 writing grammar, and right spelling;  
 It shines in knowledge of politics,  
 and wow! what's wit amang the critics.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play  
 strains ironic with that heavenly ray,  
 by which the human intellects refine,  
 and makes the man with brilliant lustre shine,  
 marking him sprung from origin divine.  
 May a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,  
 may loose wits regard no sacred laws:  
 At ship the waves will soon to pieces shake,  
 amidst his vices sinks the witty rake.

But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,  
It both it-self and virtue recommends,  
And challenges respect where-e'er its blaze extends.

*The last Speech of a wretched MISER.*

O Dool ! and am I forc'd to die,  
And nae mair my dear siller see,  
That glanc'd sae sweetly in my eye !  
It breaks my heart ;  
My gowd ! my bands ! alackanie !  
That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day,  
For you I did my friends betray,  
For you on stinking caff I lay,  
And blankets thin;  
And for your sake fed mony a flea  
Upon my skin.

Like *Tantalus* I long have stood  
Chin-deep into a siller flood;  
Yet ne'er was able for my blood  
But pain and strife,  
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,  
To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,  
Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,  
Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights  
Of lasses bony ;  
Thus did I watch lang days and nights  
My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed  
Thrice forty fowk that stood in need,  
I grudg'd myself my daily bread :  
                                    And if frae hame,  
My pouch produc'd an ingan head,  
                                    To please my wame.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,  
This hunger I with ease endur'd ;  
And never dought a doit afford  
To ane of skill,  
Wha for a dollar might have cur'd  
Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,  
Nor wrung away my sarks with washing ;  
Nor ever sat in taverns dashing  
Away my coin;  
To find out wit or mirth by clashing  
O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abeit my pow was bald and bare,  
I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,  
Which takes of flower to keep it fair  
Frae reestling-free,  
As meikle as wad dine and mair  
The like of me.

Nor kept I servants tales to tell,  
But toom'd my coodies a' my sell ;  
To hane in candle I had a spell  
Baith cheap and bright,  
A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,  
Gives curious light.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,  
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,  
To live a beggar, and to die  
Sae rich in coin ?  
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,  
Tho' Belzie join.

Some said my looks were groff and fowr,  
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dow'r :  
I own it was na in my power,  
My fears to ding ;  
Wherefore I never cou'd endure  
To laugh or sing.



I ever hated bookish reading,  
And musical or dancing breeding,  
And what's in either face or cleading,  
Of painted things ;  
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,  
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,  
I never rhimers cou'd endure,  
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,  
I hate to ken 'em ;  
For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure  
To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warft of a'  
Without a yeuk they'll gar ane claw,  
When wickedly they bid us draw  
Our filler spungs,  
For this and that, to make them braw,  
And lay their tongues.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,  
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,  
Some loo to woo beneath the birks  
                Their lemans bony ;  
For me, I took them a' for stirks  
                That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,  
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flea,  
Clek, flae the flint, and penury,  
And faulless wretch ;  
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,  
Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,  
And many thousands have I lent,  
But sickerly I took good tent,  
That double pawns  
With a cudeigh, and ten per cent.  
Lay in my hands.

## When



*The Caledonian Miscellany.*

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,  
Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,  
I sold them aff, near fast'd my lug

With girns or curses,  
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug  
My swelling purses.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a saint,  
And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,  
Wad make a mane for them in want ;  
But for ought mair,  
I never was the fool to grant  
Them ony stair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce  
That chiel a very silly dunce,  
That cou'd not honesty renounce,  
With ease and joys,  
At ony time, to win an ounce  
Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,  
And liv'd in terror of the deel,  
His furnace, whips, and racking wheel ;  
But by degrees,  
My conscience grown as hard as steel,  
Gave me some ease.

But fears of want and carking care  
To save my stock—and thirst for mair,  
By night and day oppress me fair,  
And turn'd my head ;  
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,  
That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking  
The live-lang night till day was breaking,  
Syne throu' my sleep, with heart sair aiking,  
I've aften started,  
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,  
When *Elspa* f——.

O gear ! I held ye lang the gither ;  
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,  
 And to *Virginia* fald my brither,  
                                     And crush'd my wife ;  
 But now I'm gane I kenna whither,  
                                     To leave my life.

My life ! my god ! my spirit earns,  
 Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,  
 Sic are but very laigh concerns,  
                                     Compar'd with thee !  
 When now this mortal rattle warns  
                                     Me I maun die.

It to my heart goes like a gun,  
 To see my kin and graceless son,  
 Like rooks already are begun  
                                     To thumb my gear  
 And cash that has na seen the sun  
                                     This fifty year.

Oh, oh ! that spendthrift son of mine,  
 Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,  
 And like dub-water skink the wine,  
                                     And dance and sing ;  
 He'll soon gar my darlings dwine  
                                     Down to naething.

S To that same place where e'er I gang,  
 C O coud I bear my wealth a-lang !  
 Nae heir should e'er a farthing fang,  
                                     That thus carouses,  
 B Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,  
                                     For breaking houses.

A Perdition ! *Sathan* ! is that you !  
 Bu I sink !—am dizzy !—candle blue.  
 Wi' that he never mair played paw,  
                                     But with a rair,  
 Wi' Away his wretched spirit flew,  
                                     It maks na where.

RICHY and SANDY, a Pastoral on the Death of  
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq:

R I C H Y.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear Sandy say,  
Cheur up, dull fallow, take thy reed and play  
*My Apron Deary* :——or some wanton tune :  
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

*Sand*. Na, na, it winna do ! leave me to mane,  
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

*R*. Wow man, that's unco sad, —Is't that ye'r jo  
Has ta'en the strunt ? Or has some bogle bo  
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg ?  
Or has some daunted weather broke his leg ?

*S*. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born,  
What's boggles, wedders, or what *Manfy's* scorn ?  
Our los is meikle mare, and past remeed,  
*Edie*, that play'd, and sang sae sweet, is dead.

*R*. Dead, say'st thou ; oh ! had up my heart,  
*O Pan !*

Ye gods ; what laids ye lay on feckless man !  
Alake therefore, I cannot wyt ye'r wae,  
I'll bear ye comp'ny for a year and day,  
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,  
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent :  
Blyth at the bought how aft ha' we three been,  
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

*S*. That's true indeed ! but now thae days are  
gane,  
And with him a' that's pleasant on the plain.  
A summer-day I never thought it lang  
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.  
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,  
Of wimpling waters which in *Latium* flow:  
*Titry* the *Mantuan* herd wha lang sinseyne  
Best sung on acten reed the lover's pine,

Had

Had he been to the fore now in our days,  
 Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his bays.  
 As lang's the warld shall *Amaryllis* ken,  
 His *Rosamond* shall echo tho' the glen ;  
 While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,  
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,  
 His fame shall last : last shall his sang of weirs,  
 While *British* bairns brag of their bauld forbears.  
 We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest  
 At spaining time, or at our *Lambasts* feast.  
 O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard death ay reaves  
 Awa' the best fowk, and the ill ains leaves.  
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye springs,  
 Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherds sings.

R. Then he had ay a good advice to gie,  
 And kend my thoughts amaisht as well as me ;  
 Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sow'r,  
 He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.  
 Had *Rosie* ta'en the dorts,——or had the tod  
 Worry'd my lamb,——or were my feet ill-shod,  
 Kindly he'd laugh when fae he saw me dwine,  
 And talk of happiness like a divine.  
 Of ilka thing he had an unco skill,  
 He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill.  
 He kend, what kend he no ? e'en to a hair  
 He'd tell, or night gin next day wad be fair.  
 Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase;  
 How the ill spirit did the first mischief raise ;  
 Mony a time beneath the auld birk tree,  
 What's bony in that sang he loot me see.  
 The lasses aft flang down their rakes and pales,  
 And held their tongues, O strange ! to hear his tales.

S. Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be,  
 He's in a better case than thee or me :  
 He was o'er good for us ; the gods have ta'en  
 Their ain but back, he was a borrow'd len ;  
 Let us be good gin virtue be our drift,  
 Then we may yet forgerther boon the lift.

But

But see the sheep are wising to the cleugh ;  
*Thomas* has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh ;  
*Maggy* by this has bewk the supper-scones,  
And nuckle kye stand rowting in the lorns :  
Come, *Richy*, let us trufs, and hame o'er bend,  
And make the best of what we canna mend.

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**GIBBIE and WATTIE: *Twa Shepherds.***  
*A PASTORAL on the Death of Alexander Maben,*  
*Organ-maker in Edinburgh.—By Tho. Blair.*

G I B B I E.

C O M E, *Wattie*, while our hirsels feed the  
gither,

Here lean ye down, let's knooff a while to ither,  
And beik oursels upon this sunny brae,  
What pleasant lambies round us sweetly play ;  
Tent how they wag their tails, and keb the ews,  
How wantonly they skip athort the knows.  
Youth's a diverting time for ilka creature,  
After its kind, according to its nature.  
The cattle leap for joy, burds sweetly sing,  
Wi' chearfu' notes proclaim the pleasant spring.  
The gowk, the dullest singer of them a',  
Without a rhyme but ane, or note but twa' ;  
Yet he attends his seasons for to sing,  
In woods and groves he makes their echoes ring,  
Repeats his sang some hundred times a day,  
Heartsome to hear, in glorious month of *May*.  
Come let us then with highest notes express,  
And sing dame nature in her youthfu' dress.

*Wattie*, Alas ! I'm no in tune, *Gib*, let me be,  
This forty days, a' may sing dumb for me.

*G*. Strange *Wattie*, what can ail ye ? hear ye, lad,  
'Tis no your use and wont to be sae sad.

*W*. Ah ! *Gib*, gin ye but kend the reason why,  
Ye'd turn your tune, and be as wea as I.

*G*.



*G.* Losh, man, has ony frightsome thing come  
o'er ye,

Last night ye wak't the fauld to flie Tod Laurie  
Or has some fecklefs beast lair'd in the bog,  
Danner'd awa, or bit by some wood dog,  
Or by some other ill mischance been wrang'd,  
Blasted by some ill-eye or adder stang'd?  
Or has the swine gane thro' the thing that's been  
Sae lang o' making up wi' you and *Jean*?

*W.* Tho' a' these ills had happen'd on ae day,  
Yet God forbid that e'er it should be sae,  
The los we thole is ten times greater skaith,  
Can greater be to us than *Sawny's* death!

*G.* *Sawny*, ye say, what *Sawny* do you mean?

*W.* The blythest lad that e'er did tread the green,  
*Sawny* our dearest friend, and worthiest,  
Has ta'en his last fareweal; now he's at rest.

*G.* Is *Sawny* dead? fit and prepare us a!  
Ane in his prime sae hasty pow'd awa!  
Thou cruel death ne'er lets the grave be toom,  
But plucks the fairest flowers in their bloom,  
And smites at any age wi' sicken greed,  
Spares neither fecklefs wean, nor syar'd head.

*W.* We'd need a' to be busy in our day,  
Death is the debt that we ha'e a' to pay.  
Our time's uncertain, short and fou o' sorrow,  
Sent here the day, and ta'en away the morrow.

*G.* There's my dream read that fash'd me ye-  
sternight,  
When *Batie's* youling pat me in sic fright;  
I never was in ae my days sae fear't.

*W.* What was thy dream then, *Gibbie*, let me hear't,

*G.* I dream'd "my uncles house was a' on fire,  
"Frighted the ky, and gart them break the byre,  
"For haste to win awa' drew down their stands,  
"And bure awa' their shakles and their bands."

"I



"I thought a' bleez'd up like a tap of tow,  
 "For haste, I thought, I ran to quench the low;  
 "And as I tramped thro' the moss-land heather,  
 "That my shoe-soles rave frae their uver-leather."  
 How frightsome-like sic things to me did seem,  
 Till I awak'd, and found it was a dream.

*W.* Watch o'er us man but that was flesome-like!

*G.* But hear me out the story of the tyke.

*W.* Well say awa' than *Gibbie*, and I fall tent  
 And hear ye tell the way o' his lament.

*G.* Then hear me to amen, and I fall tell,  
 Wow man, gin he had been but there your sel,  
 You'd ferly to have heard the beast complain.  
 When I gae'd out to see what he cou'd mean,  
 Whar was he sittand think you? — but upon  
 Our knocking stane that lay upo' the loan;  
 Held up his snout forgainst the peat-stack now;  
 Wi' mony a langsome elrech, wow, wow, wow,  
 Swith cur, I cry'd, and yet he wad na cease:  
 I cry'd, isk, isk, poor *Batie*, hae a piece;  
 And bad him, clos; but still the grumbling tyke  
 Ran farder aff, and youl'd at the fauld-dyke;  
 I ran to chafe him, but a' was in vain,  
 He flitted frae his seat, and youl'd again.

*W.* I never like the mournful youls o' dogs,  
 Or when there comes a singing in my lugs;  
 Or when the pyots flock upon the houies,  
 A' these are signs to ken before ill news is;  
 Sure it wad raise affection in your breast,  
 To see the wit o' that sagacious beast.

*G.* But I was sic a poor unthinking as,  
 Ne'er had thought on what wad come to pass;  
 For I this morning, in a mock design,  
 Gae'd to an honest neighbour's wife o' mine:  
 It was for fun, because the wife, it seems,  
 Professes ay great skill in reading dreams.

I tauld her mine, and naithing up did keep,  
 A' how I was forfain in my sleep.  
 The words she said I'll mind to my last breath,  
 Preserve's, quo' she, and keep the town frae  
     skaith,

Frae desolation, dearth, and sudden death.  
 She shook her head, and gloured wi' her eyen  
 At me, and said, young man ye've lost a frien;  
 I leugh at a' she said and ca'd it bables,  
 Cause I ne'er used to credit auld wives fables;  
 But to my grief I sadly find it now,  
 That lucky's words has come to pass o'er true.

*W.* Ill news o'er soon came founding in my ears,  
 Which fills my satl wi' grief and eyen wi' tears:  
 Dear *Sawny's* death has made my heart as sad  
 As what his birth did make his mither's glad.

*G.* Believe me, *Wat*, 'tis bred me mair vexation,  
 Than gin he'd been my nearest blood relation.  
 For neighbourhood nane better e'er had we,  
 Had ay good havence, couthie, kind and free.  
 Poor man he's e'en awa' wha bure the vog,  
 That ne'er sae meikle's wrang'n his neighbour's  
     dog.

*W.* Hegh hey he's no poor now, for he by grace  
 Has got his portion in a better place;  
 Better it is wi' him than me or you;  
 We're in the false warld, he's in the true.

*G.* He was a lad, it's fen to lie o' the dead;  
 Left sic few like behind him in his stead;  
 Sen he and *Pennycuik* were tane awa',  
 Whar hae we now a finger 'mang us a'?

*W.* But very few, that we can ca' our ain,  
 Amang us now belonging to our plain;  
 I whiles hear tell, of some humdrums or ither,  
 That fain wad hae the name, and be ca'd brither;  
 Possess'd wi' self-conceit and warldly greed,  
 That scarce can ken a note, or tune a reed;

Wails

Wails out, and steals awa' our bonny fangs,  
Mix them wi' nonsense making loud harangues;  
Ca' them their ain, ane syne make up a buik,  
To raise a fame they ill deserve to bruik.

G. Fame got by falsset, when its brought to light,  
Will soon tak wing, and bid them a' good night;  
And leave them stupid, nathing hae to say,  
Mair than the howlet at the break of day;  
Come good for nought but ridicule and scorn,  
And when the cattle tread and eat the corn,  
To sing a lypock link o' berry-horn. }

W. They are at best a vain conceity gang,  
A crew that *Sawny* ne'r wad haunt amang;  
Nor sic clanjamphray cou'd he e'er abide  
To feed their flocks ne'er by his lizzure's side;  
Mony a time has he and we the gither  
Stood by, and seen the rabble fleg at ither;  
Their common law, sae far as I uptake,  
Is, "let the stranger anes o'er gae the weak;  
"And thole the wealthy, tho' the stupidest,  
"To scourge and act as hangman to the rest.

G. And well cou'd *Sawny* tent them on the plain,  
And make bra' sport of them to us again;  
He acted so nat'ral how they fell at strife,  
Wad gart ane laugh that had a spunk of life;  
Baith gentle folks and semple did admire him,  
And mony a ane has striven to be near him,  
And thought their time was happy spent to  
hear him. }

Whamever he chanc'd to be amang,  
They ne'er cou'd trap him in a word was wrang;  
Spake ay good sense, lent in his word in season,  
And never taul'd his tale without a reason;  
Then he had sic a way o' settin't aff,  
Gart them a' take the loud tihee and gaff.

W. Na, he dang a' for sport I ever saw,  
The loss of him it makes ae day seem twa,  
'Mang a' our herds his word was ay a law. }

To freits and charms he never wad comply,  
 As rawn tree clubs for eifning o' the ky;  
 Then he was ane, that baith cou'd say and do,  
 Whatever thing his fancy led him to;  
 Sagacious he behaved like a lord,  
 For making concord where he fand discord.

*G.* What mean ye lad, by concords and discords?  
 Dear *Wat*, wha learn'd ye a' thae kittle words?

*W.* I'll warrant ye may elthy ken wham frae,  
*Sawny* that ken'd them a', and mony mae:  
 Ay when he fand us like to disagree,  
 In ony thing that seem'd to bread a plea;  
 Whan ought fell in debate, unlike to cease,  
*Sawny* was ay for making up o' peace.  
 Whiles whan our thraward humours wad na jump,  
 Whan *Tom* had sought a spring on *Willie's* trump:  
 Whan *Willie* wad refus'd, and said, I'll no,  
 Whan *Rob* wad ta'en a kifs o' *Patie's* jo;  
 Whan *Pate* wad looked like a putting cow,  
 And said to *Rob*, and hung his glooming brow,  
 Well, lad, I hae a craw to pluck wi' you.  
 These, and sicklike, frae less to mair hae been,  
 Enough to raise a quarrel on the green:  
 Ye ken *Auld Nick* is sic a cunning thief,  
 Can make a wie thing mither of mischief.

*G.* Ay he's ay seeking whom he may devour,  
 The deil's ay busie whar he can get power.

*W.* Then *Sawny* wad bang'd out his pipe wi'  
 speed,  
 Or stock and horn, and tun'd his aeten reed,  
 Play'd bonny springs that did our fancy's feed.  
 And gar us a' shake hands and dance a reel,  
 Gre'd a' good friends, and swith'd awa' the de'il.

*G.* Cou'd I speak as I wad do, I wad tell,  
 How far he did in mony things excell.  
 Our laird cou'd never want him for his jests,  
 At a' his blythsome banquets and his feasts;

He

He made and dress'd his whistles right in tune,  
 Play'd springs that pleas'd his honour late or soon.  
 Ay whan his gossips war conven'd gain night,  
 And got a cleek o' *Sawny*, a' was right.  
 The blythsome boufers, thought while *Sawny* sang  
 They were mair happy than the night was lang,  
 When he wad act the wives in the *West-Bow*,  
 How lucky reel'd the yarn and span the tow :  
 When he wad act the coalman, black *Jock Smirny*,  
 The *Glasgow* wives, or fidler *Patie Birny* :  
 Then they wad a' buft out a laughing fae,  
 Ane eithly might have tied them wi' a strae,  
 And some declar'd they never knew his match,  
 Forgat to sleep, or keek upon a watch ;  
 The langest winter night they thought but short,  
 Slaid fastly by, while *Sawny* made them sport.

*W.* Well might they say they ne'er saw his make ;

*G.* Na, well I wat, nor nae man for their sake ;  
 For taking up what he cou'd hear or see,  
 Whilk mony a time a ferlie was to me.

*W.* Nathing gae'd cross-ways wi' him in his life.  
 Save his misfortune wi' a wicked wife ;  
 As mony of our honest neighbours says,  
 She was the mean that cutted short his days.  
 Could be her cast, nae pity on him had,  
 Depriv'd the warld of sic a pleasant lad.

*G.* Ay, well I wat she bred him meikle sorrow,  
 The weary while he had her for his marrow ;  
 'Twas her camstairy humour, night and day,  
 That brake his heart and threw him in decay.

*W.* Little thought I last *Wednesday* night at e'en }  
 Sic sudden alteration wad be seen, }  
 Whan *Sawny* sang sae merry as we hae been. }  
 And blyth was I to see us a' sae fain :  
 Sae merry I shall never be again.



*G.* It's hard to ken, ye may, gin ye bespar'd;  
She's an auld wife can her ain fortune waird.

*W.* It's no i' th' pow'r of nature, e'er to part,  
This grief that lies fae heavy at my heart.  
O that I cou'd but utter my design;  
Or in a better language speak my mind.  
My former joys now yield me nought but dust,  
'Tis fair to thole, and yet 'tis what I must.  
Nae hopes of comfort wi' me now remain,  
A gloomy darkness overclouds the plain.  
Spring time is past, pale winter fast ensuing,  
'To spair what youthfu' summer has been doing  
Look how the willows drop, and hing their heads;  
*Flora's* withdrawn her mantle from the meads,  
The flowr's decay'd whereon the busy bees  
Had wont to suck, and gather fresh supplies.  
Nae mair we'll hear them bumming o'er the fells  
Laden wi' store hame to their oozy cells.  
The eastern craggs, how dolefu' like they hing,  
Where *Sawny* us'd to tune his voice and sing!  
Alas! when I look back on auld lang-sine,  
Mair I think on't, the mair I do repine,  
I'll never get the thought's o't frae o' my mind.

*G. Wat,* cast ne down thy heart, nor hac sic  
doubts,  
Wha kens what providence may bring about?  
Some canny cast may soon make a' odds even,  
Why should we fret against the will o' heaven!  
Wi' patience bear, howe'er the guise may fa',  
A happy end will make amends for a'.  
Now, let us part, we hae nae time to wait,  
The night is darkning down, and wearing late,  
Frae Maukin's hill, and by the broomland but,  
Our flocks are gathering near the Roding-Foot;  
The stars, that bid the shepherd's fauld appear,  
Reik me my kent, and let us hameward steer,

*Spoken*



*Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, who would have me determine which of them was the bonniest.*

**M**E anes three beauties did surround,  
And ilka beauty gave a wound,  
Whilst they with smiling eye,  
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maist fair?  
Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.

Hard is the task, said I:  
But added, seeing them fae free,  
Ladies ye maun say mair to me,  
And my demand right fair is;  
First, like the gay celestial three,  
Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,  
Faith I shall be your *Paris*.

**T I T for T A T.**

**B**E-south our channel, where 'tis common  
To be priest-ridden, man and woman;  
A father, anes in grave procession,  
Went to receive a wight's confession,  
Whase sins lang-gather'd, now began  
To burden fair his inner man.  
But happy they that can with ease  
Sling aff sic laids when e'er they please.  
Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,  
And soon your kind spiritual nurses  
Will ease you of these heavy turses.

Cries, *Hodge*, and sighs, ah! father ghostly,  
I langed anes for some jewels costly,  
And staw them frae a sneaking miser,  
Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,  
And much had me and others wrang'd,  
For which I aften wish'd him hang'd.

The

The father says, I own my son,  
To rob or pilfer is ill done ;  
But I can eith forgive the faut,  
Since it is only *Tit for Tat*.

The sighing penitent gade furdur,  
And own'd his anes designing murder ;  
That he had lent anes guts a skreed,  
Wha' had gi'en him a broken head.  
Replies the priest, my son, 'tis plain  
That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,  
And cries, Ah ! these are venial jobs  
To the black crime that yet behind:  
*Lays* like *Auld Nick* upon my mind :  
I dare na nam't ; I'd lure be strung  
Up by the neck, or by the tongue,  
As speak it to you : believe me,  
The faut you never wad forgive me.  
The haly man, with pious care,  
Intreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,  
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,  
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, says *Hodge*, if it maun be,  
Prepare to hear a tale, frae me,  
That when 'tis tald I'm unko feard  
Ye'll wish it never had been heard.  
Ah me ! your reverence's *sister*,  
Ten times I carnally have——kist her.  
All's fair, returns the reverend *brother*,  
I've done the *samen* with your *mother*  
Three times as aft ; and sae for that.  
We're on a level, *Tit for Tat*.

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife : A Tale.*

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
Wha ken the benefit of wine ;

And

And you wha laughing scud brown ale,  
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest *Miller* wond in *Fife*,  
That had a young and wanton wife.  
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest  
To make her man a twa horned beast ;  
He paid right mony visits till her ;  
And to keep in with *Hab* the miller,  
He endeavour'd aft to make him happy,  
Whene'er he kend the ale was nappy,  
Sic condescension in a pastor,  
Knit *Halbert's* love to him the faster ;  
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
*Hab* learn'd to preach when he was fou.  
Thus a' the three were wonder pleas'd,  
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.  
This ground his corns, and that did cherish  
Himself wi' dining round the parish.  
*Bess*, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,  
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
And *Ceres* gives the schools the play,  
A youth sprung frae a gentle *Pater*,  
Bred at Saint *Andrew's Alma Mater*,  
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,  
And him benighted by the gate :  
To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him ;  
He coudna see his thumb before him ;  
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.  
To tak the thread of tale along,  
This mill to *Halbert* did belang,  
Not less this note your notice claims,  
The scholar's name was master *James*.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,  
Smoothly relate a tale shall last  
As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* hills,  
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd *James*, *Hab* saw and kend him,  
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
 With sic good cheer as he could make,  
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.  
 The scholar thought himsell right sped,  
 And gave him thanks in terms well-bred.  
 Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill  
 As yet ;——but step ye west the kill  
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :  
 Gae warm you, and crack with our dame,  
 'Till I set aff the mill ; syne we  
 Shall tak what *Bessie* has to gie.  
*James*, in return, what's handsome said,  
 O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.  
 Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him till't as with a line :  
 Arriv'd, he knock'd ; for doors were steekit ;  
 Straight throw a window *Bessy* keekit,  
 And cries, ' Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright  
 ' At sic untimous time of night ;'  
*James* with good humour, maist discretly,  
 Tald her his circumstance completely.  
 ' I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,  
 ' And up and down the thieves are rise :  
 ' Within my lane, I'm but a woman ;  
 ' Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,  
 ' But since 'tis very like my dow,  
 ' That all ye'r telling may be true,  
 ' Hae there's a key, gang in your way  
 ' At the neist door, there's braw ait strae ;  
 ' Streek down upo't my lad, and learn  
 ' They're no ill lodged that get a barn.  
 ' Thus after meikle clitter clatter,  
*James* fand he coudna mend the matter ;  
 And since it might na better be,  
 With resignation took the key,  
 Unlockt the barn—clam up the mow,  
 Where was an opening near the hou,

Throu

Throu whilk he saw a glent of light,  
 That gave diversion to his sight :  
 By this he quickly cou'd discern,  
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,  
 And throw this rive was in the xaw,  
 All done within the house he saw :  
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gave credit to his een)  
 The parish priest of reverend fame  
 In active courtship with the dame.—  
 To lengthen out description here,  
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,  
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,  
 That we by satire strive to tame.  
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And *James* continuing still to glow'r ;  
 Wha saw the wife as fast as able,  
 Spread a clean service on the table,  
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle bring ben  
 A pyping-het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome miller gae a roar,  
 Cry'd, *Bessy, haste ye, ope the door.*  
 With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And darn'd himsell behind a bed ;  
 While *Bessy* huddl'd a' things by,  
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in but out of tune,  
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon ;  
*I come, said he, as manners claims,*  
*To crack and wait on master James,*  
*Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy :*  
*I sent him here, goodwife, where is he ?*  
 ' Ye sent him here ! (quoth *Bessy* grumbling ;)  
 ' Kend I this *James* ! a chiel came rumbling :

But



‘ But how was I assur’d, when dark,  
 ‘ That he had been nae thievish spark,  
 ‘ Or some rude wench, gotten a dose,  
 ‘ That a weak wife cou’d ill oppose ?’  
*And what came of him ? speak nae langer,*  
 Crys Halbert in a highland anger,  
 ‘ I sent him to the barn,’ quoth she :  
*Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.*

James was brought in ;—the *Wife* was bawk’d ;  
 The *Priest* stood close ;—the *Miller* crack’d :—  
 Then ask’d his funkan gloomy spouse,  
 What supper had she in the house,  
 That might be suitable to gi’e  
 Ane of their lodger’s qualitie ?  
 Quoth she, ‘ Ye may well ken, goodman,  
 ‘ Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :  
 ‘ The stov’d or roasted we afford,  
 ‘ Are aft great strangers on our board’  
*Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpie !*  
*Think ye this youth’s a gilly-gawpy :*  
*And that his gentle flamock’s master*  
*To worry up a pint of plaister,*  
*Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,*  
*Whase kytes can streak out like raw plaiding.*  
*Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,*  
*And send for ale frae Maggy Picken’s.*  
 ‘ Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,  
 ‘ ’Tis ill brought that’s no there ben ;  
 ‘ When but last owk, na farder gane,  
 ‘ The laird got a’ to pay his kain.’

Then James, wha had as good a guess  
 Of what was in the house as *Bess*,  
 With pawky smile, this plea to end,  
 To please himsell, and ease his friend,  
 First open’d with a flee oration  
 His wond’rous skill in conjuration.  
 Said he, by this fell art I’m able,  
 ‘ To whopass any great man’s table

‘ What



' What e'er I like to make a mail of,  
 ' Either in part, or yet the hail of;  
 ' And if ye please, I'll shaw my art.—  
 Crys *Halbert, Faith, with a' my heart!*  
*Bess* fain'd herself,——cry'd, *Lord, be here!*  
 And near hand fell a swoon for fear.  
*James* leugh, and bad her nathing dread,  
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed;  
 And first he draws a circle round,  
 Then utters many a magic sound  
 Of words, part *Latin, Greek and Duteh,*  
 Enow to fright a very witch:  
 That done, he says, *Now, now 'tis come,*  
*And in the boal beside the lum:*  
*Now set the board; goodwife, gae-ben,*  
*Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.*  
 She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd;  
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,  
 It smell'd fae well, he short time sought it,  
 And, wondring, 'tween his hands he brought it.  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka sence he did conveyen,  
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een:  
 They all, in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.  
*Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,*  
*The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her.*  
*Sae be't says James;* and in a doup,  
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

' Neist, O! cry's *Halbert,* cou'd your skill,  
 ' But help us to a waught of ale,  
 ' I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 ' And offer to the deel my wife,  
 ' To see if he'll discreeter mak her,  
 ' But that I'm fled he winna tak her.'  
 Said *James,* *Ye offer very fair;*  
*The bargain's hadden, say nae mair,*

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,  
 With kittle words thrice gave command ;  
 That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have ;*  
*Twa bottles of as nappy liquor,*  
*As ever ream'd in horn or bicqor,*  
*Behind the ark that hads your meal,*  
*Ye'll find twa standing corkit weal.*  
 He said, and fast the Miller flew,  
 And frae their nest the bottles drew ;  
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Whase art had gard him feed on roasted ;  
 His father's neist,——and a' the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,  
 On a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,  
 Were blythly flockning of their drowth,  
*Bess* fretting scarcely held frae greeting,  
 The *Priest* enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

*O vow ! said Hab, if ane might speer,*  
*Dear master James, wha brought our cheer ?*  
*Sic latis appear to us so awfu'*  
*We hardly think your learning lawfu'.*

' To bring your doubts to a conclusion,  
 ' Says *James*, ken I'm a *Rosicrucian*,  
 ' Ane of the set that never carries  
 ' On traffic with black deels or faries ;  
 ' There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,  
 ' That constantly around us wheel.  
 ' There was a sage call'd *Albumazor*,  
 ' Whase wit was gleg as ony razor.  
 ' Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,  
 ' To bring these gentry to our will ;  
 ' And they appear when we've a mind,  
 ' In ony shape of human kind :  
 ' Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,  
 ' I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear.'

Hab

*Hab* fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :  
At last his courage wan the day,  
He to the scholar's will gave way.

*Bessy* be this began to smell  
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :  
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
But mean time tipt young *James* a wink.  
*James* frae his eye an answer sent,  
Which made the wife right well content :  
Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,  
' Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd ;  
' But for your saul move not your tongue,  
' And ready stand with a great rung ;  
' Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
' Be sure to lend him a sound route.  
' I bidna this by way of mocking ;  
' For nought delights him mair than knocking.'

*Hab* got a kent.—stood by the hallan,  
And straight the wild mischievous callan,  
Cries, '*Radamanthus Husky Mingo*,  
' *Monk horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo*,  
' Appear in likeness of a Priest,  
' No like a deel in shape of beast,  
' With gaping chafts to fleg us a'.  
' Wauk forth ; the door stands to the wa.'

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
The Priest approach'd right well content,  
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
'Till he was drawing near the door ;  
Then to escape the cudgel, ran ;  
But was not miss'd by the goodman,  
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,  
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.  
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight ;  
Ben flew the Miller in a fright :

*I trow, quoth he, I laid well on :  
But wow he's like our ain Mefs John !*

*The LURE : A Tale.*

**T**HE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,  
The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,  
The dogs were barking, cocks were crawing,  
Night-drinking sots counting their lawning ;  
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,  
When forth a falconer took his way,  
Nane with him but his she-knight-errant,  
That acts in air the bloody tyrant ;  
While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,  
She breaks divine and human laws ;  
Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers  
Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers ;  
Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,  
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and softly handl'd.  
Reason for this need be nae wonder,  
Her parasites share in the plunder.  
Thus sneaking routs about a court,  
That make oppression but their sport,  
Will praise a paughty bloody king,  
And hire mean hackney-poets to sing  
His glories ; while the deal be licket  
He e'er attempt but what he sticket.

So, sir, as I was gawn to say,  
This falconer had tane his way  
O'er *Calder*-moor ; and gawn the moss up,  
He there forgather'd with a gossip :  
And wha was't trow ye, but the de'el  
That had disguis'd himsell sae well  
In human shape, sae snug and wylie ;  
*Jude* took him for a burlie-bailie :  
His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,  
A bonet coor'd his horns aboon :

Nor spat he fire, or brimstone risted.  
 Nor awsome glowr'd ; but cawmly listid  
 His een and voice and thus began,  
*Good-morning t'ye, honest man,*  
*Ye're early out : — How far gae ye*  
*This gate ? — I'm blyth of company —*  
*What fowl is that, may ane demand,*  
*That stands sae trigly on your hand ?*  
 ' Wow, man ! quoth *Juden*, where won ye ?  
 ' The like was never speer'd at me !  
 ' Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good  
 ' As ever flew, or wore a hood.'  
*Friend, I'm a stranger, quoth auld Symmie,*  
*I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me ;*  
*The ignorant maun ay be speering*  
*Questions, 'till they come to a clearing.*  
*Then tell me mair — what do ye wi't ?*  
*Is't good to sing ? or good to eat ?*  
 ' For neither, answer'd simple *Juden* ;  
 ' But helps to bring my lord his food in :  
 ' When fowls start up that I wad hae,  
 ' Straight frae my hand I let her gae ;  
 ' Her hood tane aff, she is not langsome  
 ' In taking captives, which I ransome  
 ' With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.'  
*Trowth, quoth the de'el, that's nice ! I beg*  
*Ye'll be sae kind, as let me see*  
*How this same bird of yours can flee.*  
 ' T' oblige ye, friend, I winna stand.' —  
 Syne loos'd the *Falcon* frae his hand.  
 Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,  
 While baith stood stairing after her.  
*But how d'ye get her back ? said Nick.*  
 ' For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a trick :  
 ' Ye see this *Lure*, — it shall command  
 ' Her upon sight down to my hand.'  
 Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu —  
 And straight upon't the *Falcon* flew.



*As I'm a sinner ! cries the de'el,*  
*I like this pastime wonder weal ;*  
*And since ye've been sae kindly free,*  
*To let her at my bidding flee,*  
*I'll entertain ye in my gate.——*  
 Mean time it was the will of fate,  
 A hooded friar (ane of that clan  
 Ye have descriv'd by father *Gawin*,  
 In *Master-keys*) came up ; good faul !  
 Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the spaul,  
 Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,  
 Ga'e him a tofs up in the air.  
 High flew the son of saint *Loyola*,  
 While started *Juden* gave a *Hola* !  
 Bombaz'd with wonder still he stood.  
 The ferlie had 'maist crudled his blood,  
 To see a monk mount like a facon,  
 He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin ;  
 Thrice did he rub his e'en to clear,  
 And having master'd part o's fear,  
 ' His presence be about us a' !  
 ' *He cries*, the like I never saw :  
 ' See, see ! he like a lavrock tours——  
 ' He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours !  
 ' Is't possible to bring him back ?'  
*For that, quoth Nick, I have a knack ;*  
*To train my Birds I want na Lures,*  
*Can manage them as ye do your's :*  
*And there's ane coming, hie gate, hither,*  
*Shall soon bring down the haly brither.*

This was a fresh young landwart *Last*,  
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs ;  
 Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,  
 And (*John come kiss me now*) she lilted,  
 As she skift o'er the benty knows,  
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ews ;  
 Her in his hand slee *Belzie* hint up,  
 As eith as ye wad do a pint stoup,

Inverted, wav'd her round his head ;  
*Whieu—wbieu*—he whistled, and with speed  
 Down, quick as shooting stars, the priest  
 Came souse upon the lass's breast.

The moral of this tale shews plainly,  
 That carnal minds attempt but vainly  
 Aboon this laigher warld to mount,  
 While slaves to *Satan*.

*The CLOCK and DIAL.*

**A**E day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,  
 And put his qualities to trial ;  
 Spake to him thus,——*My neighbour, pray,*  
*Can'st tell me what's the time of day ?*  
 The *Dial* said, ' I dinna ken,——  
*Alake ! what stand ye there for then ?*  
 ' I wait here till the sun shines bright,  
 ' For nought I ken but by his light.'  
*Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help,*  
*Baith night and day my lane I skelp ;*  
*Wind up my weights but anes a-week,*  
*Without him I can gang and speak :*  
*Nor like an useless sumph I stand,*  
*But constantly wheel round my hand :*  
*Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour ;*  
*And I am right, ane—two—three—four.*

While thus the *Clock* was boasting loud,  
 The bleezing sun brak through a cloud ;  
 The *Dial*, faithfu' to his guide,  
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride :  
 ' Ye see, *said he*, I've dung you fair,  
 ' 'Tis four hours and three quarters mair..  
 ' My friend, *he addet*, count again,  
 ' And learn a wee to be less vain :  
 ' Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,  
 ' And that you answers never want ;

' For

- ‘ For you’re not ay to be believ’d :  
 ‘ Wha trusts to you may be deceiv’d.  
 ‘ Be counsell’d to behave like me ;  
 ‘ For when I dinna clearly see,  
 ‘ I always own I dinna ken,  
 ‘ And that’s the way of wisest men.
- 

*The LOVELY LASS and the MIRROR..*

A Nymph, with ilka beauty grac’d,  
 Ae morning by her toilet plac’d,  
 Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glass*  
 With *truths* address the lovely *Lass* ;——  
 To do ye justice, heavenly fair,  
 Amaist in charms ye may compare  
 With *Venus*’ sell,—but mind *amaist* :  
 For tho’ your happily possess  
 Of ilka grace which claims respect,  
 Yet I see faults ye shoud correct ;  
 I own they only trifles are,  
 Yet of importance to the fair.  
 What signifies that patch o’er braid,  
 With which your rosy cheek’s o’erlaid !  
 Your natural beauties you beguile,  
 By that too much affected smile :  
 Saften that look—move ay with ease,  
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv’d,  
 And mair her monitor she lov’d ;  
 ‘Till in came visitants a threave ;  
 To entertain them, she maun leave  
 Her *Looking-glass*—They fleetching praise  
 Her looks—her dress—and a’ she says,  
 Be’t right or wrang ; she’s hale compleat,  
 And fails in nothing fair or sweet,  
 Sae much was said, the *bonny Lass* ;  
 Forgat her faithfu’ *Looking-glass*.

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*Clarinda*, this dear-beauty's *You*,  
 The *mirror* is ane good and *wise*,  
 Wha, by his counsels just, can shew  
 How nobles may to greatness rise.  
 God bless the work :——if you're oppress'd  
 By parasites with fause design,  
 Then will sic faithfu' *mirrors* best  
 These underplotters countermine.

JUPITER's *Lottery*.

**A**NES *Jove*, by ae great act of grace,  
 Wad gratify his human race.  
 And ordered *Hermes*, in his name,  
 With tout of trumpet to proclaim  
 A royal lott'ry frae the skies,  
 Where ilka ticket was a prize.  
 Nor was there need for *Ten per Cent*.  
 To pay advance for money lent :  
 Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here  
 Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear.  
 The first-rate benefits were, *Health*,  
*Pleasures*, *Honours*, *Empire* and *Wealth* ;  
 But happy he to whom wad fa'  
*Wisdom*, the highest prize of a' :  
*Hopes* of attaining things the best,  
 Made up the maist feck of the rest.  
 Now ilka ticket sold with ease,  
 At altars for a sacrifice ;  
*Jove* a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ewes,  
 Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or bawbee-rows ;  
 Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,  
 Wea nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.  
 Sae kind was he nae to exclude  
 Poor wights for want of wealth or blood ;  
 Even whiles the gods, as record tells,  
 Bought several tickets for themselfs.

When

When fou and lots put in the wheel,  
 Aft were they turn'd to mix them weel;  
 Blind chance to draw *Jove* order'd syne,  
 That nane with reason might repine:  
 He drew, and *Mercury* was clark,  
 The number, prize, and name to mark,  
 Now *hopes* by millions fast came forth,  
 But seldom prizes of mair worth,  
 Sic as dominion, wealth and state,  
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.  
*Wisdom*, at last, the greatest prize,  
 Comes up:—aloud clark *Hermes* crys—  
*Number ten thousand*—come, let's see  
 The person blest.—Quoth *Pallas*, Me.—  
 Then a' the gods for blythness sang,  
 Thro' heaven glad acclamations rang;  
 While mankind grumbling laid the wyte  
 On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.  
 Yes! cry'd ilk ane with sobbing heart,  
 Kind *Jove* has play'd a parent's part,  
 Wha did his prize to *Pallas* send,  
 While we're sneg'd off at the wob end.

Soon to their clamours *Jove* took tent,  
 To punish which to wark he went;  
 He straight with *Follies* filled the wheel,  
 In *Wisdom*'s place they did as weal;  
 For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,  
 In their conceit, a' *Sages* grew:  
 Sae thus contented, a' retired,  
 And ilka fool himself admir'd.

---

*The PHOENIX and OWL.*

**P***HOENIX* the first, th' *Arabian* lord,  
 And chief of all the feather'd kind,  
 A hund'red ages had ador'd  
 The sun, with sanctity of mind.



Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,  
He heard the summons with a smile,  
And unalarm'd, without regret,  
He form'd himself a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,  
Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,  
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,  
Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phoenix*, brother, why so griev'd,  
To ban the being gives thee breath?  
Learn to die better than thou'lt liv'd;  
Believe me, there's nae ill in death

Believe ye that? the *Owl* reply'd;  
Preach as ye will, death is an ill;  
When young I ilka pleasure try'd,  
But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by yoursell,  
Near eeldins with the sun your god,  
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell  
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It should be sae; for had I been  
As lang upon the warld as ye,  
Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,  
For tinsel of my hollow tree,

And what, returned th' *Arabian* sage,  
Have ye t' observe ye have not seen?  
Ae day's the picture of an age,  
'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith together die:  
Bow to the sun that gave thee life;  
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,  
And end thy poortith, pain and strife.

Thou wha in darkness took delight,  
Frae twangs of guilt coud'st ne'er be free:

What won thou by thy shunning light?—  
But time flees on;—I haste to die.

Ye'r servant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,  
I likena in the dark to lowp:  
The byword ca's that chiel a fool,  
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king,  
To's aromatic nest retir'd,  
Collected sun-beams with his wing,  
And in a spicy flame expir'd.

Mean time there blew a westlin gale,  
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;  
The saint departed on a pile,  
But the blasphemmer in his hole.

He died for ever—fair and bright;  
The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.  
Thus wicked men sink down to night,  
While just men join the glorious thrang.

*The MISER and MINOS.*

**S**HORT syne there was a wretched miser,  
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;  
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take  
As much wou'd buy a mutto n-stake,  
Or take a glass to comfort nature,  
But scrimply fed on crumbs and water:  
In short he famish'd, 'midst his plenty,  
Which made surviving kindred canty,  
Wha scarcely for him put on black,  
And only in his loof a plack,  
Which even they grudg'd: sic is the way  
Of them wha fa' upon the prey;  
They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet;  
Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,

Tho'

Tho' he should leave a vast estate,  
And heaps of gowd like *Arthur's* seat.

Well down the starving ghaist did sink,  
Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink ;  
Where auln *Van Charon* stood and raught  
His wither'd loof out for his fraught ;  
But them that wanted wherewitha',  
He dang them back to stand and blaw.  
The *Miser* lang being uset to save,  
Fand this, and wadna passage crave ;  
But shaw'd the *Ferryman* a knack,  
Jamp in—swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.  
*Charon* might damn, and sink and roar ;  
But a' in vain—he gain'd the shore.—  
Arriv'd—the three-pow'd dog of hell  
Growl'd terrible a triple yell ;  
Which rouz'd the snaky *Sisters three*,  
Wha furious on this wight did flee,  
Wha play'd the smuggler on their coast,  
By which *Pluto* his dues had lost :  
Then brought him for this trick so hainous  
Afore the bench of justice *Minos*.

The case was new, and very kittle,  
Which puzzl'd all the court na little ;  
Thought after thought with unco speed  
Flew round within the judge's head,  
To find what punishment was due  
For sic a daring crime and new.  
Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,  
Or stented be on *Ixion's* wheel,  
Or stung wi' bauld *Prometheus'* pain,  
Or help *Syssh* to row his stane,  
Or sent amang the wicked rout,  
To fill the tub that ay rins out ?  
No, no, continues *Minos*, no,  
Weak are our punishments below,  
For sic a crime ;—he maun be hurl'd  
Straight back again into the world.

I sentence him to see and hear  
What use his friends make of his gear.

---

*The APE and the LEOPARD.*

**T**HE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beasts for show,  
The first a wi, the last a beau ;  
To make a penny at a fair,  
Advertis'd a' their parts sae rare.  
The tane gae out with meikle wind ;  
His beauty 'boon the brutal kind ;  
Said he, T'm kend baith far and near,  
Even kings are pleas'd when I appear :  
And when I yield my vital puff,  
Queens of my skin will have a muff ;  
My fur sae delicate and fine,  
With various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lasses fast did rin  
To see the beast with bonny skin :  
His keeper shaw'd him round about ;  
They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But master monkey with an air  
Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair ;  
Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,  
I'll give ye pastime for your money :  
    can perform, to raise your wonder,  
Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.  
My cousin *Spotty*, true he's braw,  
He has a curious suit to shaw,  
And naithing mair.—But frae my mind  
Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.  
Sometimes I'll act a chiel that's dull,  
Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull ;  
Then mimic a light-headed rake,  
When on a tough my houghs I shake :  
Sometime, like modern monks I'll seem,  
To make a speech and naithing mean.

But

But come away, ye needna speer  
 What ye're to pay; I'll be no be dear:  
 And if ye grudge for want of sport,  
 I'll give it back t'ye at the port.  
 The *Ape* succeeded, in fowk went——  
 Stay'd long—and came out well content;  
 Sae much will wit and spirit please,  
 Beyond our shape, and brawest claiaths.  
 How mony, ah! of our fine gallants  
 Are only *Leopards* in their talents!

*The Ass and Brock.*

UPON a time a solemn *Ass*  
 Was dand'ring thro' a narrow pass  
 Where he foregather'd with a *Brock*,  
 Wha him saluted frae a rock;  
 Speer'd how he did—how markets gade—  
 What's a' ye'r news—and how is trade—  
 How does *Jock Stot* and *Lucky Lad*,  
*Tam Tup*, and *Bucky*, honest lad?  
 Reply'd the *Ass*, and made a heel,  
 E'en a' the better that ye'er weal:  
 But *Jackanapes* and snarling *Fitty*  
 Are grown sa wicked (some ca's't witty),  
 That we wha solid are and grave,  
 Nae peace on our ain howms can have;  
 While we are bisy gathering gear,  
 Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.  
 If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin,  
 Or ha'e some slaver at his chin.  
 Or 'gainst a tree should rub his arse,  
 That's subject for a winsome *farce*:  
 There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,  
 And *you*, my dear, famous for stinking;  
 And the bauld birsy *Bair* your frien',  
 A glutton dirty to the een;

But



By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,  
Wha is't can thole to be sae us'd !

Dear me ! heh ! wow !—and say ye sae—  
Return'd the *Brock*—I'm unko wae  
To see this flood of wit break in :  
O scour about, and ca't a sin ;  
Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,  
And ought will pass upon the crowd.

The *Ass* thought this advice was right,  
And bang'd away with a' his might ;  
Stood on a know amang the cattle,  
And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle :  
Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,  
While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh and made faces.  
Thus a' the angry *Ass* held forth,  
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

*The FOX and RAT.*

THE *Lion* and the *Tyger* maintain'd  
A bloody weir ; at last the *Lion* gain'd.  
The royal victor strak the earth with aw,  
And the four-footed world obeyed his law :  
Frae ilka species *deputies* were sent,  
To pay their homage due, and compliment  
Their sov'reign *liege*, wha'd gart the rebels cour,  
And own his royal right, and princely power.  
After dispute, the moniest votes agree,  
That *Reynard* should address his majesty,  
*Ulysses* like, in name of a' the lave ;  
Wha thus went on—' O *prince*, allow thy slave  
' To roose thy brave atchievements and renown  
' Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown  
' Wha art like *Jove*, whase thunderbowt can mak  
' The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake  
' Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,  
' Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.

• The

' Thus thou, great king, has by thy conqu'ring paw  
' Gi'en eerth a shog, and made thy will a law :  
' Thee a' the animals with fear adore,  
' And tremble if thou with displeasure roar ;  
' O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,  
' As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play.

This sentence vex'd the envoy *Rottan* fair ;  
He threw his gab, and girn'd ; but durst nae mair,  
The monarch pleas'd with *Lowry*, wha' durst gloom !  
A warrant's order'd for a good round sum,  
Which *Dragon*, lord-chief treasurer must pay  
To fly-tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain day ;  
Which secretary *Ape* in form wrote down,  
Sign'd *Lion*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.  
'Tis given the *Fox*—Now *Bobtail* tap o' kin,  
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin ;  
He dreems of nought but pleasure, joy and peace,  
Now blest with wealth, to purchase hens and geese :  
Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,  
And yet the *Rottan*'s breast with anger glow'd ;  
He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,  
He took the tid when *Lowry* was away.  
And throu' a hole into his closet slips,  
There chaws the warrant a' in little nips.  
Thus what the *Fox* had for his flatt'ry gotten,  
Ev'n frae a *Lion*, was made nought by an offended  
*Rottan*.

---

*The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.*

A Pensy *Ant*, right trig and clean,  
Came ae day whidding o'er the green,  
Where, to advance her pride, she saw,  
A *Caterpillar* moving slow,  
Good e'en t'ye, mistress *Ant*, said he,  
How's a' at heame ?—I'm blyth to s'ye.

The faucy *Ant* view'd him with scorn,  
 Nor wad civilities return ;  
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,  
 Poor animal, I pity thee,  
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,  
 But some experiment of nature,  
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,  
 And thus unfinish'd was flung by.  
 For me, I'm made with better grace,  
 With active limbs, and lively face ;  
 And cleverly can move with ease  
 Frae place to place where e'er I please :  
 Can foot a minuet or jig,  
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig ;  
 Which gars my jo ast grip my hand  
 'Till his heart pitty-patty's, and—  
 But laigh my qualities I bring,  
 To stand up clashing with a *thing*,  
 A *creeping thing*, the like of thee,  
 Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.  
 The airy *Ant* syne turn'd awa',  
 And left him with a proud gaffa.  
 The *Caterpillar* was struck dumb,  
 And never answer'd her a mum :  
 The humble *reptile* fand some pain  
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the *Ant* came by,  
 The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly* ;  
 Transparent were his wings and fair,  
 Which bare him slight'ring thro' the air .  
 Upon a flower he stapt his sight,  
 And thinking on his former sight,  
 Thus to the *Ant* himself addrest,  
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest ?  
 And notice what I now advise,  
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise :  
 For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,  
 To raise aboon ye what ye scorn.

For instance, now, I spread my wing  
In air, while you're a *creeping thing*.

The twa CATS and the CHEESE.

**T**WA Cats anes on a *Cheese* did light,  
To which baith had an equal right ;  
But disputes, sic as aft arise,  
Fell out a sharing of the prize.  
Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,  
Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick :  
Let's part it, else lang or the moon  
Be chang'd the *kebuck* will be done.  
But wha's to do't ?——They're parties baith,  
And ane may do the other skaith.  
Sae with consent away they trudge,  
And lay the cheese before a judge :  
A *Monkey* with a campsho face,  
Clerk to a justice of the peace ;  
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,  
When he his master's chair had fill'd,  
Now umpire chosen for division,  
Baith sware to stand by his decision.  
Demure he looks.——The *Cheese* he pales—  
He prives—it's good—ca's for the scales ;  
His knife whops throw't.—in twa it fell ;  
He puts ilk haff in either shell :  
Said he, we'll truly welgh the case,  
And strictest justice shall have place ;  
Then lifting up the scales, he fand  
The tane bang up, the other stand :  
Syne out he took the heaviest haff,  
And ate a knooft o't quickly aff,  
And try'd it syne ;—it now prov'd light :  
Friend *Eats*, said he, we'll do ye right.  
Then to the ither haff he fell,  
And laid till't toughly tooth and nail,

Till

'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.  
 The judge wha' this sweet process lov'd,  
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,  
 'Till clients baith were weary grown ;  
 And tenting how the matter went,  
 Cry'd, Come, come, sir, we're baith content.  
 Ye fools, quoth he, and *Justice* too,  
 Maun be content as well as you.  
 Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,  
 Till baith the haves were near hand done :  
 Poor *Poussies* now the daffin saw,  
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law ;  
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please  
 To give them the remaining *Cheese* :  
 To which his worship grave reply'd,  
*The dues of court maun first be paid.*  
 Now *Justice* pleas'd—what's to the fore :  
 Will but right scrimply clear your score :  
 That's our decret ;—gae heame and sleep,  
 And thank us ye're win aff sa cheap.

*The CAMELEON.*

**T**WA travellers, as they were a wa'king,  
 'Bout the *Cameleon* fell a ta'king.  
 (Sic think, it shaws them mett'd-men,  
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken ;)  
 Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,  
 Four-footed, with a fish's head ;  
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,  
 And moves far slower than a snail ;  
 Of colour, like a blawart blue ;—  
 Reply'd his nibour, *That's nae true ;*  
*For well I wat his colour's green ;*  
*If ane may trow his ain twa cen ;*  
*For I in sun-shine saw him fair,*  
*When he was dining on the air.—*  
 Excuse me, says theither blade,  
 I saw him better in the shade,

And



And he is blue,—*He's green I'm sure.*—  
 Ye lied.—*And ye're the son of a whore.*—  
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,  
 Had not a third come in the nick.  
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,  
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what ! are ye wood ?  
 What's ye'r quarrel, and't may be speer'd :  
 Troth, says the tane, sir, ye shall hear't :  
 The *Camoleon*, I say, ha's blue ;  
 He threaps he's green.—Now, what say you ?  
 Ne'er fash ye'r fells about the matter,  
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,  
 He's black.—Sae nane of ye are right,  
 I view'd him well with candle-light ;  
 And have it in my pocket here,  
 Row'n in my napkin hale and feer.  
*Fy !* said ae cangler, *what d'ye mean ?*  
*I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.*  
 Said th' ither were I gawn to death,  
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.  
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout,  
 And to convince them, whop'd him out :  
 But to surprize of ane and a',  
 The *Animal* was white as snaw,  
 And thus reprov'd them, ' Shallow boys,  
 ' Away, away, make nae mair noise ;  
 ' Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right ;  
 ' But learn to own your nibours sight  
 ' As good as yours.—Your judgment speak,  
 ' But never be sae daftly weak  
 ' T' imagine ithers will by force  
 ' Submit their sentiments to yours ;  
 ' As things in various lights ye see,  
 ' They'll ilka ane resemble me.'

---

*The twa LIZARDS.*

**B**ENEATH a tree, ae shining day,  
 On a burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay.

Beek-

Beeking themfells now in the beams,  
 Then drinking of the cauller streams.  
 Waes me, fays ane of them to th' ither,  
 How mean and silly live we, brither?  
 Beneath the moon is ought fae poor!  
 Regarded lefs, or mair obscure!  
 We breathe indeed, and that's juft a';  
 But, forc'd by destiny's hard law,  
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl:  
 Curst fate to ane that has a faul!  
 For by, gin we may trow report,  
 In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* sport,  
 Ca'd *Crocodiles*:——ah! had I been  
 Of sic a size upon the green,  
 Then might I had my skair of fame,  
 Honour, respect, and a great name;  
 And *Man* with gaping jaws have shor'd,  
 Syne like a pagod been ador'd.

Ah, friend! replied the ither *Lizard*,  
 What makes this grumblin in thy gizzard?  
 What cause have ye to be uneasy?  
 Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye?  
 We free frae trouble, toil or care,  
 Enjoy the sun, the earth and air,  
 The crystal spring and green-wood shaw,  
 And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.  
 Why should we fret, look blae or wan,  
 Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?  
 If fae, lets in return be wise,  
 And that proud animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beast,  
 How weak a fire now warms thy breast?  
 It breaks my heart to live fae mean;  
 I'd like to attract the gazer's een,  
 And be admir'd,——What stately horns  
 The *Deer*'s majestic brow adorns!  
 He claims our wonder and our dread,  
 Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.

What

What envy a' my spirit fires,  
When he in clearest pools admires  
His various beauties with delyte ;  
I'm like to drown myself with spite.  
Thus he held forth.—when straight a pack  
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their back,  
Ran down a deer before their face,  
Breathless and wearied with the chase.  
The dogs upon the victim seize,  
And beagles sound his obsequies.  
But neither *Men* nor *Dogs* took tent  
Of our wee *Lizards* on the bent,  
While hungry *Bawty*, *Buff*, and *Tray*,  
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,  
The *Lizard* wif the proud address ;  
Dear cousin, now pray let me hear  
How wad ye like to be a *Deer* ?

Ohon ! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,  
Wha wad have thought it anes a-day !  
Well, be a private life my fate,  
I'll never envy mair the great :  
That we are little fowk, that's true ;  
But sae's our cares and dangers too.

MERCURY in Quest of Peace.

THE gods coost out, as story gaes,  
Some being friends, some being faes,  
To men in a besieged city ;  
Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,  
Stood to their point with canker'd strictness,  
And leftna ither in dogs likeness.  
*Juno* ca'd *Venus* whore and bawd,  
*Venus* ca'd *Juno* scauldin jad ;  
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the low,  
*Apollo* ran to bend his bow ;

Dis.

*Dis* shook his fork, *Pallas* her shield,  
*Neptune* his gripe began to wield.  
 What plague, cries *Jupiter*, hey hoy !  
 Maun this town prove anither *Troy* ?  
 What, will you ever be at odds,  
 'Till mankind think us foolish gods ?

Hey ! mistress *Peace*, make haste—appear—  
 But madam was nae there to hear.  
 Come, *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,  
 And find her out with a' thy speed :  
 'Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

*Hermes* obeys, and staptna short,  
 But flys directly to the *Court* ;  
 For sure, thought he, she will be found  
 On that fair complimenting ground,  
 Where praises and embraces ran  
 Like current coin 'tween man and man.  
 But soon, alake ! he was beguil'd,  
 And fand that courtiers only smil'd,  
 And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,  
 That they mair sickerly might cheat ye.  
*Peace* was na there, nor e'er could dwell  
 Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Neist to the ha, where justice stands,  
 With sword and ballance in her hands,  
 He flew—no that he thought to find her  
 Between the accuser and defender ;  
 But sure he thought to find the wench  
 Among the fowk that fill the bench ;  
 Sae muckle gravity and grace  
 Appear'd in ilka judge's face :  
 Even here he was deceiv'd again,  
 For ilka judge slack to his ain  
 Interpretation of the law,  
 And vext themselfs with *Had* and *Draw*.

Frae thence he flew straight to the *Kirk* :  
 In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,

To

To look for peace, where never three  
In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree ;  
Ane his ain gate explain'd a text  
Quite contrair to his neighbour next,  
And toughly toolied day and night  
To gar believes trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd—where can she be ?  
Well thought—the university,  
Science is ane, these maun agree.  
There did he bend his strides right clever,  
But is as far mistane as ever :  
For here contention and ill-nature  
Had runckled ilka learn'd feature ;  
Ae party stood for ancient rules,  
Anither ca'd the ancients' fools ;  
Here ane wad set his shanks aspar,  
And roose the *May sang* *Troy war*,  
Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

Weal, she's no here ;—away he flies  
To seek her amangst families.  
Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder ?  
Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,  
Where mates, some greedy, some deep-drinkers,  
Contend with thriftless mates or jinkers ?  
This says, 'tis black ; and that wi' spite,  
Stiffly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see,  
How branches with their stocks agree :  
But here he fand still his mistake ;  
Some parents cruel were, some weak :  
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,  
And wish their parents in the grave.

Has *Jove* then sent me amang thir fowk,  
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk ?  
Weal, I have made a waly round,  
To seek what is not to be found.



Just on the wing—towards a burn  
 A wee piece aff his looks did turn,  
 There mistress *Peace* he chanc'd to see,  
 Sitting beneath a willow tree :  
 And have I found ye at the last ?  
 He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.  
 Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd,  
 With an auld *Hermit* in this wild.  
 Well, madam, said he, I perceive  
 That ane may lang your presence crave,  
 And miss ye still ;—but this seems plain,  
 To have ye, ane maun be alane,

*The SPRING and the SYKE.*

**F**ED by a living *Spring*, a rill  
 Flow'd easily adown a hill ;  
 A thousand flowers upon its bank  
 Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank :  
 Near to its course a *Syke* did ly,  
 Whilk was in simmer aften dry,  
 And ne'er recover'd life again,  
 But after soaking showers of rain ;  
 Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,  
 And o'er his margin proudly gush.  
 Ae day, after great wants of weet,  
 He with the crystal current met,  
 And ran him down with unco' din ;  
 Said he, How poorly does thou rin ?  
 Sae with what state I dash the brae,  
 Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The *Spring*, with a superior air,  
 Said, Sir, your brag gives me nae care ;  
 For soon's ye want your foreign aid,  
 Your paughty cracks will soon be laid.  
 Frae my ain head, I have supply,  
 But you must borrow, else rin dry.

*The DAFT BARGAIN. A Tale.*

**A**T market anes, I watna how,  
 Twa herds between them coft a cow :  
 Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*  
 But ceremony chanc'd to k——.  
 Quoth *Rab*, right ravingly to *Raff*,  
 Gin ye'll eat that digested draff  
 Of *Crummy*, I shall quat my part.—  
 A bargain be't, with a' my heart,  
*Raff* soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,  
 To gorbelt up without a gloom :  
 Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap  
 His mealtith quickly up to gawp ;  
 Haff done, his heart began to scunner,  
 But lootna on 'till *Rab* strak under ;  
 Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,  
 At his *daft bargain* did repine.  
 Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was rash,  
 I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash ;  
 Come, fa' to wark, as I hae done,  
 And eat the ither haff as soon,  
 Ye's save ye'r part,—Content, quoth *Rab*—  
 And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab :  
 Now what was tint, or what was won,  
 Is eithly seen.—My story's done.  
 Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn  
 To save the cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

---

*The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.*

**I**N borrows-town there was a fair,  
 And mony a londart coof was there,  
 Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,  
 To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,  
 And lay out ony ora bodles  
 On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles ;

Sic as a joctaleg, or sheers,  
Confeckit ginger, plums or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,  
And on their cash this plot they lay ;  
The tane, less like a knave than fool,  
Unbidden claim the high cockstool,  
And pat his head and baith his hands  
Throw holes where the ill-doer stands.  
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een  
Cry'd out, *What does this Idiot mean ?*  
They glower'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,  
And never thought upon a trick,  
'Till he beneath had done his job,  
By tooming poutches of the mob ;  
Wha now posses't of routh of gear,  
Scour'd aff as lang's the cost was clear.

But wow ! the ferly quickly chang'd,  
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd ;  
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief,  
While some cry'd out, *Fy had the thief.*  
But ne'er a theif or thief was there,  
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.  
The jip wha stood aboon them a',  
His innocence began to shaw ;  
Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry  
To hear your melancholy story ;  
But sure where e'er your tinsel be,  
Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY : *A Pastoral on the  
Death of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;*

**R**OBERT the good, by a' the swains rever'd,  
Wife are his words, like filler is his beard :  
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen  
Tenting his hirsle on the Moorland-green :

Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,  
 Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.  
 But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see  
 Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.  
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,  
 That he may scowth to a' his mourning len:  
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers  
 Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears;  
 Howder'd wi' hills a cryстал burnie ran,  
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man.  
 Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' distrest,  
 And *Sandy*, wha of shepherds sings the best;  
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he  
 mourn'd,  
 He rais'd his head, and sighing thus return'd.

*R O B E R T.*

O *Matt*! poor *Matt*!—My lads, e'en take a skair  
 Of a' my grief;—sweet-singing *Matt's* nae mair.  
 Ah heaven's! did e'er this lyart head of mine  
 Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine!

*R I C H Y.*

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,  
 His dog its late fat yowling on a brae;  
 I cry'd, *Isk, isk*—poor *Ringwood*—sairy man;  
 He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand:  
 I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;  
 But soon's I gade away, he youl'd again.  
 Poor kindly beast. Ah, firs! how sie should be  
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

*S A N D Y.*

Last ouk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,  
 And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,  
 And brak his leg.—I started frae my bed,  
 Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream it's red.  
 How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,  
 Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!

Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;  
 Dear sweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thousands shall greet  
 for thee.

R O B E R T.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear  
 Ye shed for him: he to us a' was dear:  
*Sandy*, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan;  
*Richy*, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

R I C H Y.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,  
 Since frae our heights *Eddie* was tane awa':  
 Fast *Matt* has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,  
 To smoothe our fauls, alake! wha have we left!  
 Waes me! o'er short a tack of sic is given,  
 But wha may contradict the will of heaven?  
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale  
 Sing o'er his fangs, and tell his merry tale.  
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,  
 Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me;  
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,  
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae:  
 But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew snell,  
 Torn frae its roots, adown it soucehan fell:  
 'Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,  
 Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.  
 Sae flourish'd *Matt*; but where's the tongue can tell  
 How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

S A N D Y.

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,  
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff looff?  
 How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,  
 By auld *Purganty* and the *Dutchman's* ring?  
 And *Luck's* filler ladle shaws how aft  
 Our greatest wishes, are but vain and daft.  
 The wad-be wits he bad them a' but pap  
 Their crazy heads into *Tam Tinman's* shap;

There



There wad they see a squirrel wi' his bells  
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themselves.  
Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,  
With fancy strang, and faul as clear as day;  
Smart were his tales; but where's the tongue can  
tell

How blyth he was? how much lamented fell.

*R I C H Y.*

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,  
Our laird himsell wad aft take his advice.  
E'en cheek for chaw he'd seat him 'mang them a',  
And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.  
When clan *Red-yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,  
Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood;  
When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,  
Wad fain about his lugs have burnat his house.  
Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,  
A fae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind:  
Since mony in the frae had got their dead,  
To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed.  
The very faes had for him just regard,  
Tho' fair he jib'd their formast singing bard.  
Careful was *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell  
How wise he was? How much lamented fell?

*S A N D Y.*

Wha con'd, like him, in a short sang define  
The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine!  
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,  
Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his clay;  
To gratify the paughty wench's pride,  
The silly shepherd bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.  
Sic constant lasses as the *Nit-brown Maid*,  
Shall never want just praises duly paid;  
Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care  
With pleasing words to guide and rule the fair.  
How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,  
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;

Nae

Nae word stood wrang : but where's the tongue  
can tell

How fast he sung ? how much lamented fell ?

*R I C H Y.*

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,  
A minister nae better cou'd behave ;  
Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,  
When he of haly wonders took a view.  
Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a',  
And bids us in return but tent his law ;  
Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,  
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.  
While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,  
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang :  
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spall,  
Altho' I shou'd employ my utmost skill.  
He towr'd aboon : but ah ! what tongue can tell  
How high he flew ? how much lamented fell ?

*R O B E R T.*

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,  
Wha hae fae true a feeling of our skaith :  
O *Sandy*, draw his likeness in smooth verse,  
As weal ye can ;—then shepherds shall rehearse  
His merit, while the sun mets out the day,  
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,  
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast :  
Come to my sheil, there let's forget our care,  
I dinna want a rowth of country fare,  
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair. }  
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,  
As good as ever wiish a shepherd's lip ;  
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain, }  
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain :  
'Come, help me up—yon footy cloud shores rain. }

HARVEST

HARVEST; or the BASHFUL SHEPHERD.  
A Pastoral. In the Cumberland Dialect. By J. Ralph,

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove  
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove;  
*Robin* a love-sick swain lagg'd far behind,  
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind;  
A distant solitary shade he sought,  
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-side heat;  
Thur callar blasts may wear the bailen sweat:  
But my het bluid, my heart aw in a bricil,  
Nor callar blasts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here, it was (a wae light on the pleace)  
At first I gat a gliff o' *Betty's* feace:  
Blyth on this trod the smurker trip'd and theers  
At the deail-head unluckily we shear:  
Heedless I glim'd, nor cou'd my een command,  
Till gash the sickle went into my hand:  
Down hell'd the bluid; the shearers aw braist out  
In sweils of laughter; *Betty* luik'd about;  
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:  
What cou'd I de in seek a dispert kease?

Away I fleeng'd, to *Grandy* meade my mean,  
My *Grandy* (God be wud her, now she's geane):  
Skilfu' the gashen bluid wi' cockwebs staid;  
Then on the fair an healen plaister laid;  
The healen plaister eas'd the painful fair,  
The arr indeed remains, but nae thing mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward swart,  
My *Grandy* cou'd not cure a bleedin heart;  
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,  
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,  
'Lels *Betty* will a kind physician pruiwe;  
For nin but she has skill to medcin luive.

But how shou'd honest *Betty* give relief?  
*Betty's* a perfet stranger to my grief:

Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain ;  
 Oft I've resolved indeed—but all in vain :  
 A springin blush spred fast ovr aither cheek,  
 Down *Robin* luik'd and deuce a word cou'd speak

Can I forget that night (I never can)  
 When on the clean sweept hearth the spinnels ran.  
 The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed ;  
 The lads as busy minded every thread.  
 When, sad! the line sae slender *Betty* drew,  
 Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew:  
 To me it meade—the lads began to gloup—  
 What cou'd I do! I mud, mud take it up ;  
 I tuik it up and (what gangs pleaguy hard)  
 Een reached it back, without the sweet reward,

O lastin stain! even yet it's eith to treace  
 A guilty conscience in my blushen feace :  
 I fain wou'd wash it out but never can ;  
 Still fair it bides like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was *Wully* basifu'—*Wully* spy'd  
 A pair of scissars at the lass's side ;  
 Thar' lowfed, he sleely drop'd the spinnel down—  
 And what said *Betty*?—*Betty* struive to frown ;  
 Up flew her hand to souse the cowren lad,  
 But ah, I thought it fell not down ovr sad :  
 What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,  
 My teeth aw' watter'd then, and watter yet.

Een weal is he 'at ever he was bworn !  
 He's free frae aw this bitterment and scworn :  
 What maun I still be fash'd wi' straglen-sheep,  
 Wi' far-fetched sighs, and things I said a-sleep ;  
 Still shamefully left snafflen by my sell  
 And still still dog'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell?

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the duice ga'wi't)  
 The pith I show'd when e'er we struive, to beat ;  
 When a lang lownin through the cwoon I meade,  
 And bustlin far behind the leave survey'd.

Dear

Dear heart ! that pith is gane and comes nae mair  
'Till *Betty's* kindness fall the lose repair ;  
And she's not like (how sud she ?) to be kind,  
Till I have freely spoken out my mind,  
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,  
Oiled my slow tongue, and edged my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—them saw't :  
Something o' compliments I think they caw't :  
At makes a clownish lad a clever spark,  
O hed I this ! this buik wa'd de my wark ;  
And I'm resolved to hav'et what e'er it cost :  
My flute—for what's my flute if *Betty's* lost ?  
And if fae bonny a lass but be my bride,  
I need not any comfort lait beside.

Farewell my flute then yet or *Carlisle* fair ;  
When to the stationers I'll stright repair.  
And bauldly for thur compliments euquear ;  
Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.

That duine—a handsome letter I'll indite,  
Handsome as e'er a country lad did write ;  
A letter 'at fall tell her aw' I feel,  
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run  
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,  
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry,  
The lads are gawn to shear—and fae mun I.

F I N I S.





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